Dead Prez Lyrics

"Look Around"

[woman singing]
[stic.man] Beatnuts, dead prez
[woman] What I wanna sayyy

[stic.man and/or m1]
Everytime I look around, I see
So much drama goin down
Everytime I look around, I see
So much fakeness goin down

[stic.man]
Why I'ma- be stingy when I could share?
Why I'ma- be hateful if I could care?
Why would I hate my own?
Or forsake my own?
Why would I- fuck around and get a jake on my chrome?
I wouldn't- have to stick you if we all could eat
It wouldn't be no need for beef
Dyin over streets we don't even own anyway
You could get bucked off anyday
We behind enemy lines
Y'all still writin Hennessy rhymes
While I'm tryna find a good price for a nine
Feel like my life on the line
That's why a nigga be hype all the time
Ready for the revolution at the drop a'a dime

[m1]
I got a duty to have security for my niggas
My duty to serve the beautiful black sistas
A duty to stand wit' anybody that's wit' us
And fully criticize all bullshittas
There should be awards presented- to niggas who fight back
Like Panther jackets, or sistas who light gats
I'm a full-blooded warrior, ready for change
Recognize any soldier that's doin the same
Because I love who I am, and that means everything to me
My life ain't worth a damn unless I'm dealin with reality
When I look myself in the eyes, it's just me
And I don't have to tell nobody no lies, I feel free
And I would rather deal with the truth and falsehood
Than bein fake with my people and claimin 'it's all good'
You can't run away from ya self, so that's useless
If your word is bond, then you don't have to make excuses

Everytime I look around, I see
So much drama goin down

Hold up! *[intro to 'Old School Survival']*
[crowd] Wait a minute!
Let's take it back to the old school
[man talking] Yo, 'memba back in the day?
When sh- everything was all smooth 'n calm
And shit was like- *[other man]* snap? on, nigga
Yo man, I'm doin it, I'm doin it man
I'm sayin like-'memba back in like in '70
Fuckin '79, Nah, nah '87! Tha's my favorite